

The Test Results by MistressYin

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Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

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Summary:

Steve narrowed his eyes. Tests always seemed to get the better of him.

The Test Results

Author's Note:

No progress in the Hargrove incident today!

And the phrase of the day is....The Test Results!

Steve worried his lip worriedly while worryingly tapping his hand in a worried fashion.

So he was worried.

And failed to make his sentences with diverse vocabulary.

That was pretty much understood.

Steve distracted himself from the paper before him by coming up with a way to phrase the first sentence better.

“Steve absently tugged on his lip, tapping his hand anxiously as his stomach churned in worry.”

Much better. He grinned stupidly despite himself, bringing his pencil up to his mouth and gnawing on the yellow part, whatever it was made out of. He almost wanted to say bark, but knew that wasn't right. Maybe it was lead like the tip?

Steve looked back down at his paper, groaning at the sheer emptiness it possessed. He wished debate essays would write themselves. He had no social skills at all! He could only really talk good in his head because he controlled everyone's reactions so he always had a good comeback made up in his mind.

Too bad he couldn't read peoples mind. Maybe Jane knew someone who could...

He snapped his tongue harshly against his teeth bringing himself back to the present and trying not to let the procrastination last longer. If he was going to sit here anyway, might as well do the essay...

But sitting here was kind of enjoyable. Writing a debate essay is not, however.

Steve knew he would rather sit here all day then finish this. That's why he was over at the Wheeler's, 'finishing up' in their basement while the kids fired random questions at him about his dungeons and dragons character very randomly.

Not too good with words right now, huh?

He corrected himself again.

Steve wished not to—no, that sounded like it was from Romeo and Juliet or some shit.

Steve's intentions were to finish his debate essay, so he forced himself to the wheeler house so he couldn't just sit all day in one spot and would eventually have to leave.

Two so's...that wasn't good....

Steve was brought back to present by the Dustin's interrogation, which apparently according to him 'would tell him much about who the real Steve was'.

"Okay, okay, so last question. What season do you wear? Shorts, long sleeves, sweaters, jeans, you know, which do you prefer to dress for?" It was kind of adorable, the fact the kids thought their questioning was annoying and kept saying 'last question' but fired him with another afterwards immediately.

Steve was so lost he didn't recognize the next words that flew from his mouth. "I like winter because people don't ask why I'm wearing long sleeves. No one likes to see scars, you know?"

His pencil was back in his mouth with a sucking noise, and he vaguely had lewd thoughts about the resemblance to something else the sound had, but shook himself off at the horror that radiated around the room.

Dustin's head was ducked. "Sorry, uh, I can stop asking questions now..."

Steve frowned. "Wait—what? Why—Oh." He shook his head. "Kid, we can't pretend it didn't happen. Actually, it happened for the majority of my life. It doesn't always have to be what we talk about, but it will always AFFECT what we talk about. It comes up in everything I do. It doesn't have to be something to avoid or apologize for when it does come up. It's better to talk about these things." He tried to console, knowing he was being somewhat of a hypocrite. He hated talking about it.

Jane dazzled him with a smile. Will sent him a crooked one as well. "Maybe I should hand over the wise title to you." He said coyly.

"Nah! I can't even finish my dumb report! I came here so I would have excuses as to why it wasn't done."

Mike jumped up. "We can help!"

"Yea!"

Steve laughed. "I'm honestly sure you could. But I should probably do it myself."

Dustin raised an eyebrow. "Are you actually going to finish it?"

Steve coughed. "Probably not."

All of the kids crowd around him.

"Okay so what exactly are we doing?" Maxine asked, ever the one who held the most common sense.

All the other kids, who were rambling of ideas, stopping and jumped onto that question, repeating it at him.

"So it's like, a kind of test thing about debates...because that's my life, I hate arguing...but if I can't get a passing grade on this, I won't pass this class at all."

The kids nodded along, snickering at his expense for whatever he had done wrong this time, then looked at him expectantly. "So what's the debate about?"

This, Steve could do. “It’s a standard debate. You choose a side and then defend it. Except for this report, I have to come up with a debate I’m passionate about and give both sides without being bias.” He winced.

“What do you got?” Lucas asked.

“Nothing.” To prove this, he demonstrated the blank sheet to them.

Their jaws dropped probably because they had been there for a solid two hours and he started off saying that he was almost done.

The kids learned two things that day.

One, never ask Steve what the ‘Grass cuttings’ incident was and two...

Steve was a master procrastinator. They had the misfortune of discovering this by falling prey to his expert topic changes and distracting facial expressions.

Author's Note:

Thanks again from MistressYin